And all this Princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King *Richards* sonne.
Then gratious Lords, rest he King *Richards* sonne,
And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.
Ioh. Is this thy proofe, and all thou hast to say?
Rob. I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.
Ioh. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his house:
And what of that? base groome to slander him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next.
Q. Elin. Thou saist she teem'd six weeks before her time,
Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand, and to your other proofes:
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.
Ioh. And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature, and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.
Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.
Q. Elin. Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*
Or haue read in. Harke yee good Sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,
Shee lay with Sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
King *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed
in this fashion.
Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right: King *Iohn*, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.
Ioh. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,

Nor canst thou chalenge any thing
But thou shalt see how I will helpe t
This is my doome, and this my doo
Irreuocable, as I am King of Engla
For thou know'st not, weele aske o
His mother and himselfe shall end th
And as they say, so shall thy liuing p
Robert. My Lord, herein I challe
To giue away my right, and put the
Vnto themselues. Can there be like
That she will loose?
Or he will giue the liuing from hi
It may not be my Lord. Why shou
Iohn. Lords, keep him back, & le
Essex, first aske the Mother thrice
Essex. Lady *Margaret*, widow o
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Phil*
Mother. Please it your Maiesty
Rob. This is right, aske my fello
Iohn. Aske *Philip* whose sonne h
Essex. Philip, who was thy Fath
Philip. Mas my Lord, and that
had not taken some paines with he
desired you to aske my Mother.
Iohn. Say, who was thy Father?
Philip. Faith (my Lord) to ans
father that was neerest my mothe
and him I thinke to be Sir *Robert F*
Iohn. Essex, for fashions sake de
And so an end to this contention.
Robert. Was euer man thus wr
Essex. Philip speake I say, who w
Iohn. Young man how now, wh
Elianor. Philip awake, the man
Philip. Philippus atauis edite Reg
What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of a
Quo me rapuit tempestas?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)